Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus*, once,
When in a wood of *Creete* they bayed the Beare,
With hounds of *Sparta*: neuer did I heare
Such gallant chiding. For beſides the groues,
The skyes, the fountaines, euery region neare
Seeme all one mutuall cry. I neuer heard
So muſicall a diſcord, ſuch ſweete thunder.
Theſ. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartane* kinde:
So flew'd, ſo ſanded: and their heads are hung
With eares, that ſweepe away the morning deawe,
Crooke kneed, and deawlapt, like *Theſſalian* Buls:
Slowe in purſuit; but matcht in mouth like bels,
Each vnder each. A cry more tunable
Was neuer hollowd to, nor cheerd with horne,
In *Creete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Theſſaly*.
Iudge when you heare. But ſoft. What nymphes are theſe?
Egeus. My Lord, this my daughter heere a ſleepe,
And this *Lyſander*, this *Demetrius* is,
This *Helena*, old *Nedars Helena*.
I wonder of their being here together.
The. No doubt, they roſe vp earely, to obſerue
The right of May: and hearing our intent,
Came heere, in grace of our ſolemnitie.
But ſpeake, *Egeus*, is not this the day,
That *Hermia* ſhould giue anſwer of her choyce?
Egeus. It is, my Lord.
Theſe. Goe, bid the huntſmen wake them with their (hornes,
Shoute within: they all ſtart vp. Winde hornes.
The. Good morrow, friends. Saint *Valentine* is paſt.
Begin theſe wood birds but to couple, now?
Lyſ. Pardon, my Lord.
The. I pray you all, ſtand vp.
I know, you two are Riuall enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the worlde,
That hatred is ſo farre from iealouſie,

To

To ſleepe by hate, and feare no enmitie,
Lyſ. My Lord, I ſhall reply amazedly,
Halfe ſleepe, halfe waking. But, as yet, I ſweare,
I cannot truely ſay how I came here.
But as I thinke (for truely would I ſpeake)
And now I doe bethinke mee, ſo it is;
I came with *Hermia*, hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from *Athens*: where we might
Without the perill of the *Athenian* lawe,
Ege. Enough, enough my Lord: you haue enough.
I begge the law, the law, vpon his head:
They would haue ſtolne away, they would, *Demetrius*,
Thereby to haue defeated you and me:
You of your wife, and mee, of my conſent:
Of my conſent, that ſhe ſhould be your wife.
Deme. My Lord, faire *Helen* told me of their ſtealth,
Of this their purpoſe hither, to this wood,
And I in fury hither followed them;
Faire *Helena*, in fancy following mee.
But my good Lord, I wote not by what power
(But by ſome power it is) my loue,
To *Hermia* (melted as the ſnowe)
Seemes to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,
Which in my childehoode I did dote vpon:
And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,
The obiect and the pleaſure of mine eye,
Is onely *Helena*. To her, my Lord,
Was I betrothed, ere I ſee *Hermia*:
But, like a ſickneſſe, did I loath this foode.
But, as in health, come to my naturall taſte,
Now I doe wiſh it, loue it, long for it,
And will for euermore be true to it.
The. Faire louers, you are fortunately met,
Of this diſcourſe, we more will here anon.

Egeus,